



A Passing Voice



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A PASSING VOICE



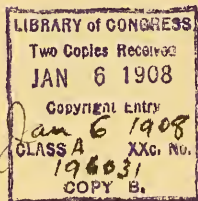
BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
MCMVII

1907

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The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

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TRAILING ARBUTUS

Oh, shy and sweet and fair,
Dear Spirit of the wood,
Nymph of the fragrant air,
Dryad of Solitude,

Thou art the breath of Spring;
The dawn's awakening kiss;
Some world's sweet whispering
Wandering down to this.

Oh, sweet and fresh and wild,
Our wondering sight to bless,
What thought of little child
Has found its ideal dress?

What vibrant wish of bird
Looks from thine opening eyes?
What seraph's thrilling word
Lives in thy shy surprise?

Spirit of youth and dawn,
Morning's light fragrant dream,
Shadow of blossoms on
A living, sunlit-stream,

Passing, as thy sweet breath
Wavers to meet the air,
Too live to dream of death,
Too frail for life to wear,

Fair spirit, summoning
Dream-spirit memories,
Brushing with perfume's wing
The utmost starry skies, —

Stay, with thy subtle grace
Touching the inmost heart;
By thine Aurora face,
Thy wondrous spell impart.

How does thy charm beguile!
Veiled in thy guardian leaves
Thy sweet elusive smile
The old enchantment weaves.

Smile of the rosy light
That kisses earth from sleep,
Shaking the dreams of night
Into the waiting deep,

Be thou the year's fresh dawn;
Bring thou our heart's new day;
And ere thou passest on
Teach us thy fragrant way.

Oh, fine and sweet and shy,
Thou lovely fragrant thing,
A message from the sky,
Thou art the very Spring.

SONG

To a Creole Air

Ah, Suzette! Suzette, so dear to me.
Ah! Suzette, Suzette, so far, so far from me.
 Art thou coming to my heart?
 Wilt thou promise ne'er to part?
Since when I am far from thee,
Ah! joy is not for me.

Love and joy, Suzette, thou witch, thou dear,
Love and joy are mine, are mine when thou art near.
 Wilt thou never go away?
 Wilt thou ever, ever stay?
Oh, my weeping heart will break,
All, all for thy sweet sake.

Ah, my love! come to my cradling heart.
Ah, my love! my love, from me thou'lt never part.
 Sheltered on my loving breast
 Thou shalt never know unrest.
Sorrow shall a stranger be,
Ay, to my love and me.

Come, beloved; beloved, and mine alone.
Come, beloved; beloved, thou art my very own.
 Love and balm shall be thy breath,
 Love shall overmaster death.
Leave, ah, leave me not to die,
Love, hear my pleading cry.

TO THE MOON

Thou the glory of the night,
Mounting upward silver-paced,
By the stirrings of delight
Is thy shining progress traced;
By the magic calm that falls
Over memory's shadowed walls.
Silently, silently,
Thy bright footstep passes by
Like an angel from the sky.

Thou hast bound the world with light,
And thy silent song endears
The sweet spirit of the night
That thy rounding pearl enspheres
All the air-spun clouds, star-haunted,
Part before thy light enchanted;
Dreamily, dreamily,
From their web thy witcheries peep
Like a child's eyes waked from sleep.

Sweeter than night's sweetest sleep
Is thy pure light's heavenly kiss.
And earth's crystal dew must weep
For joy to hold a face like this.
As thy shining splendors fall
Life's discords grow musical.

Restfully, restfully,
The tired earth looks up to thee,
And draws upon thy silver sea.

Fair swan of the upper blue,
Floating in divinest calm,
Wilt thy purity endue
Hearts that long for heavenly balm ?
Where the white star-lilies blow,
And Pleiads veil their breasts of snow,
 Radiantly, radiantly,
Trail thy white wings through the sky
As if time's swift sail flashed by.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE

Red rose the moon o'er the water's brim,
And the warm earth longed for soothing.
Dark stood the cedars, flame-tipped and grim,
The river sighed to its utmost rim
As it felt the sweet wind's smoothing.
And far on its borders a threatening shape
Clutched at a shadow that would escape.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Here on the river's hither side,
In the green bank's gentle bending,
Where the forest spreads its branches wide,
And the morning dreamed on the quiet tide,
A narrow pathway's wending
Led to a doorstep whose mossy stone
Told of a fireside cold and lone.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Once on its hearthstone a sweet child played,
Drawing with its wee fingers
The heart of the father, unafraid,
Hastening at eve to his little maid,
Where the dear home radiance lingers;
For deep in the shadow of violet eyes
A mother beckoned from Paradise.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Now in the light of the golden noon
They walked the sunlit meadows;
Now in the silver shine of the moon,
Where the river crept with its ceaseless croon,

They watched the silent shadows;
All silent themselves in their happiness;
The child's hand patting a mute caress.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Sweet eyes laughing through tangled hair
Broke through the morning's dreaming;
A merry shout through the darkening air
Startled the echoes unaware,
At the father's frightened seeming.
And the loving watcher's eyes grew dim
As the child sang low her evening hymn.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Oh, the feasts 'neath the laughing leaves,
With many a forest dainty,
In the spell that a child's wild fancy weaves,
With its sweet pretends and its make-believes—
Fancy's delicate plenty.
Hearts as light as the feast cloud-born,
Fed from a child's heart all unworn.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Oh, the fairies within the wood,
Almost seen in the gloaming;
The song of the trees, half-understood,
The plumed squirrel that could speak if it would;
The treasures of one day's roaming,
Faithfully lisped from the rustling nest,
The father's lips on her forehead pressed.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

As a fair isle in the summer seas
 Out of the storm wraith lifted,
As a dream of golden harmonies,
As a rainbow when the wild rains cease
 To the mariner storm drifted,—
To the wanderer, bowed with memories,
Seemed this retreat 'neath the sheltering trees,
 Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Love is queen on the heart's great throne,
 The sun of a golden heaven;
Love of a man for a maid's low tone,
For a child from his angel playmates flown; —
 God of His best has given.
Love is the sweetness of Paradise,
Love is the lure of the beckoning skies.
 Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Memory in the calm, new-made,
 Went wandering 'mid her islands;
Even as an interlude softly played
'Twixt a stormy past and a coming shade,
 The soul of a silver silence.
And the troubled heart of the man was blest,
Peaceful where all was peacefulest.
 Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

One sweet morn when the dew's fair stars
 Twinkled among the grasses,
When the catbird trilled his liquid bars,
And the light and shade their mimic wars
 Fought where the light wind passes,

Forth to his labor the father went,
The sweet child watching in gay content,
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Doom may fall from a smiling sky,
Death echo gayest laughter;
And unawares a last goodbye
May flash its love from a laughing eye
That knows but tears thereafter.
Love, argus-eyed, may watch, until
Just at the crisis its fears are still.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Ere the shadows shortened into noon,
Hushing the sounds of morning;
Nay, while the dew its silver rune
Still traced on the thronging leaves of June —
It might be the unread warning —
As the child bent low o'er some charmed page
A shadow fell on the hermitage.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

"Child, I have wandered long and far," —
The stranger's voice was weary:
"Here where delight and quiet are,
And yon spring gleams like a fallen star,
Let me cease a quest so dreary;
And grant me a drink from your crystal spring
While I rest and hear the catbird sing."
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Down fell the book on the low doorsill,
As the child gave gentle greeting.
"Yes, sit and rest where the wind is still;
I will bring you water and food if you will,"—
Undismayed by the sudden meeting.
And soon by the little spring's low fall
Her song rang clear as the wood-thrush's call.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

"O fountain of youth," he smiling said,
"I am well pleased to have found you.
And what were you reading, my little maid,
Here is the silence and the shade
With only the trees around you?"
Idly he stooped and took the book,
Glanced at the pages with careless look.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

The cover fell from the fly-leaves fair,
Only a name was written;
But the man's face fixed in a fearful stare,
And a shudder ran through the summer air;
He seemed like one plague-smitten.
"Child, whose is this?" and his strained voice
shook,
And frenzy flamed in his altered look.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

"I have sought him long over land and sea,
With a hate that could not rest;
Have I found thee at last, mine enemy?
Thou shalt pay a life-long debt to me,
Even in thine own home nest.

From my hand hast thou taken every prize,
Now shall I look in thy baffled eyes."

Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

In wide-eyed terror the young child stood,

Transfixed at the man's mad scorning;
The echo rang from the hill's thick wood,
The trembling air must have understood.

Oh, lost is the peace of morning.

"Even the woman I loved," he cried,

"Followed his eyes, and my man's heart died."

Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

"Whose is the book?" he sternly saith.

Down rained the frightened tears;

"My father's," faltered the sweet young breath;

White the lips as if kissed of death;

The heart but the harp of fears.

"Why are you angry, and rage and cry?

My father's the best man under the sky."

Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

"You are his child?" and the frenzied laugh

The startled echoes gather.

"No torments are dire enough by half,

But the bitter cup his lips shall quaff

Will find the heart of a father."

And his mad eyes flashed in hellish glee,

And he seized the young child ruthlessly.

Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Still the summer sky was bathed in light,
Still sang the birds in the meadows.
But deep in the slumberous caves of night
The fiends laughed high in their mad delight,
Dancing with hell-born shadows.
And a star fell from the golden arch,
One footstep less in the heavenly march.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

The river sped on its endless way,
A new tone in its singing;
The sunbeams played with a softer ray,
And 'mid the songs of the perfect day
A new, sweet song was ringing;
For a new angel soul was born
That day in the Kingdom of love and morn.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

But the murderer started back in fright
At the long-dead eyes of a lover;
A moment poised in its heavenward flight
The child's soul looked from its windows bright
Into the eyes above her.
And the air by his piercing shriek was riven:
"*Her* eyes! *her* eyes! O God in heaven!"
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

The shadows lengthened towards the east, —
The long, deep shades of the summer;
Ere the robin's good-night song had ceased,
While the light flamed low in the purple west,
Hurried the tired homecomer.

Low on the threshold, stained with red,
Rested the darling golden head.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Darker the gathered shadows close
Around the long day's waning;
A silver streak the river grows;
For the catbird's golden fluting, rose
The whip-poor-will's complaining.
Rustled the leaves as if angel tears
Softly fell from the heavenly spheres.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

O evening star, canst shed thy peace
Into a heart that's broken?
Will the long heart hunger never cease
Till it hears beside the crystal seas
The low "My father" spoken,
And sees in the heart's dear Paradise
The sweet child's smile and the mother's eyes?
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

Still stands the house by the river brim;
None call it home forever.
Through aisles as of cathedral dim
Still chant the trees their echoing hymn,
The harp that ceases never.
Still sing the birds in the leafy June,
Still dreams the day to the river's tune.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

And there on the river's farther side,
When night falls over the meadows,

They whisper that, where the murderer died
That justice might be satisfied,
Is a shadow among the shadows.
And the long shade sways in the moonlit air,
And the river murmurs a ceaseless prayer.
Oh, the blood-red moon is eerie.

THE POWER OF GENIUS

"I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago."— *Sappho*.

Oh, who thou wert we cannot tell,
Dear name of long ago;
We know that Sappho loved thee well,
And this is all we know.

No hint of personality
Lies in that sweet love song;
And yet thine immortality
The low sweet notes prolong.

No form, no voice, a name alone
Thou floatest down the years;
And vaguely, like some minor tone,
Toucheest the soul to tears.

Love leads thee, O sweet mystery,
Across fame's shining portal;
Sweet Sappho sings her love for thee;
And lo, thou art immortal!

FOR THE DEAD

How still, how still my lady lies,
The peace of heaven upon her eyes,
While subtly through the silence stir
A hundred vibrant thoughts of her.
A low wind sweeps the silent cheek,
A thousand thronging memories speak;
That soft curl waves in the soft breeze,
The wings of spirit harmonies
Flutter through all the haunted room
And lift the slumberous perfume.

O love, O love, alone with thee!
Though thou hast faced eternity
And swept in thine aërial flight
The borders of the infinite,
Hast passed the opal gates of morn
Where mystic human dreams are born,
Hast looked upon the crystal sea
Whose depths have drowned all mystery,
Hast seen that Face whose kingly eyes
The deepest longing satisfies, —
Still, still I know thy spirit free
Is still with me, is still with me.

I hold thee yet; love's clasping hand
Can reach into the spirit land,
And nerveless though the fingers be
Their need can move infinity.
O still mine own! though veiled thine eyes
Thy spirit on my spirit lies.

Through the hushed lips no fragrant breath
In love's low accents murmureth.
But heart with angel heart communes,
Mine ear to seraph speech attunes;
And thou hast not forgotten, love,
The love of earth, the speech thereof,
For unto all eternity
Love to love's longing holds the key.

No taint of flesh the spirit stains;
A higher love the soul attains.
Unfettered by the chains of earth
A spirit love leaps into birth.
I know thee now as ne'er before
When veil of flesh thy spirit wore;
And now thy inmost soul is bare
What heart communion shall we share.
A seraph love, and born of heaven;
What greater gift could love have given!
And heart to heart and soul to soul
While age to heavenly age shall roll,
Eternity itself is love,
We plunge into the deeps thereof.
The crown of rapture to each soul
The white flame of love's aureole;
And in all heaven, ay, on the Throne,
No name so glorious as Love's own.

O breaking heart, thy straining chords
Would find relief in swelling words.
Not yet is flesh to soul sublimed,
The mortal to the immortal timed;

Thou unto heaven's highest key
Art tuned in perfect harmony;
But still for me earth's grosser sense,
Beauty's resistless redolence,
The aura of all loveliness,
The halo lent by love's excess,
The echo of love's melody
As if an angel's wing flashed by,
The witchery of thy dawn-flushed face,
The longing for love's warm embrace,
Thine own sweet lips' transcendent thrill,
The promise that thine eyes fulfil.
O fragrance of love's matchless rose!
O flame that only passion knows!
Even the ashes of thy fires
Whiten to flame as flame expires.

Ah, tyrant heart! Ah, wilful human!
I'd still be man, and have thee woman.
And every motion of this frame
Gathers to feed the sacred flame,
The flame that upward burns to thee
Though thou art gone from earth and me.

Ay, thou hast left our earthly ken
And now art heaven's citizen;
And all thy thought and all thy love
In unknown orbits live and move.
Still though earth's fenced horizon lifts
To circle heaven's wider gifts,
And though within thy larger soul
Undreamed of worlds their paths unroll,

Never from thy heart's memory
Can earth's supremest love song die.
And sometimes let thy spirit sweep
Across the solemn depths of sleep,
Prophetic of that glorious day
When flesh and sense have passed away,
And in that heaven-kept surprise
Thy spirit be my soul's sunrise.

CHILDREN OF CAIN

The plain rolls eastward till the river's brink
Has cooled its edges; there, beside the stream,
Where thirsty lips can stoop themselves to drink,
And beauty-loving eyes look up and dream,
The exiled murderer had made his home;
And children's children greet the unworthy one
That poured forth Abel's blood, then turned to
 roam,

Banished until his guilty life was done.
O kindly earth, thou art a gracious mother;
For red blood spilt thou givest, with generous hands,
The fragrant juice of the grape; and for that brother
Whose brotherhood was hate, a fair home stands,
Rich in all fruits, trees, flocks, and spacious lands.

On Lamech's tent the slanting sunbeams rested,
Engilding Adah's hair; who, at the door,
With upraised hand her mother eyes had crested,
Shielding her heedful glance that wandered o'er
The still plains to the dying sun's last flame.
Against the yellow glory of the sky
Outlined in sturdy strength, the tall form came
Of Jabal, tending his herds carefully
A smile softened her lips; the anxious frown passed
 by.

But still her look intent scanned the sky's bound;
The waiting eyes were still unsatisfied.
The flocks all folded, scarce she turned her 'round
Towards homeward coming ones nearing her side.
She spoke with absent lips, her heart away.
Now all are gathered for the evening meal,

Ere yet the shapes and colors of the day
Flee westward that the other sphere may feel
Warmth, light, and life for them, as on the planets
wheel.

Each seat is filled; each tired, contented heart
Takes rest and comfort; and the peace of home
Woos tired eyes to think of sleep's sweet part
In the soft night, when newborn strength doth come
To the strained limbs; and o'er the weary eyes
Steals new delight in all the world's sweet ways;
A blessing sent down from the arching skies;
"Let there be power" each night for work-filled
days.

God's hand on nerve, heart, senses, brain, softly
He lays.

All gathered, seated, resting; all save one.
One seat alone is empty, and one cup
Undrained; yet, sooth, it seems remarked by none
Save by the mother heart that gathers up
The absent, the unnoticed, the forgot.
And once or twice, perhaps, Naamah's gaze
Roamed to the empty seat; but she spoke not.
But Lamech asked of Jabal's herd; gave praise
To Zillah's roasted kid; spoke of the lengthening
days.

Planet and star brightened the night's deep blue
Before the tent door parted, scarce the slip
Of a young tree trunk, and there glided through
A slender boy; a smile curving his lip
At sight of his mother's face, into which came

Quick welcome; silently he sat upright
On the waiting skin spread for him; the last flame
Of the burnt-out brand leaped up to catch the light
In the great dreamy eyes, then died in deeper night.

When all reclined in sleep, the mother's touch
On her boy's arm, drew him into the night
Where the stars smiled; nor chid she overmuch;
Thrilling with joy to see his eyes' deep light.
"Mother, the sounds of night I stayed to hear.
Oh, but for thee I would have stayed till morn.
What tell they, mother, to thy listening ear —
The story of a baby world newborn?
God's touch of dew while yet the strings lay all
unworn?

"Was the first sound, with all the stars to hear,
Like other sounds? or fresher, quicker, dearer?
Did the new thrill give birth to human ear,
Lest God should speak and there should be no
hearer?

Have the trees souls, or only voices, mother?
And have the stars ears, that they look so glad?
Do the stones speak as brother unto brother,
And we too big to hear, or if we had,
Not know the voices of the little souls unclad?

"O mother, when they whisper to the night, —
A thousand rustlings, sighings, echoings, —
Almost I hear what's silent to the light;
God sends some message by the quivering wings,
Some word for me to sound forth o'er the streams.
Mother, it haunts me, but it flies me ever.

Sometimes it wakes me from my summer dreams,
Mine surely now, but oh, I grasp it never.
Dost think 'twill ever fly, and I pursue forever?"

The lips grew sad, but in the dreaming eyes
A rapt smile lingered. "Nay," the mother cried,
"The God who made the music of the skies
Whisper at thy quick ear, unsatisfied,
Will teach thy soul to speak; fear not, my son;
He who creates will know a thousand ways.
Wait for the teaching of the Almighty One.
Be sure He numbers all thy waiting days;
Thou wouldst not miss one from the full note of
His praise.

Has He not taught thee on the whispering reed
To voice the sounds that ever charm thine ear?
'Tis but thy babyhood; when thou shalt need,
Thy soul shall grow, master of all thou'lt hear.
Nay, breathe thou in mine ear, ere I shall sleep,
The dreams that gather in that hollow thing;
Even as earth her sweetest winds doth keep
Till night and darkness brood with hovering wing.
What is it that the wandering breath sweetly doth
sing?"

Impatiently he flung the clustering hair
From his broad brow; drew from his robe beneath
The reed that met his lips; then to the air
Gave all the magic of his tuneful breath.
The whisper of the night was in the strain;
Now soft and sweet it sank to gentlest sighs;

Now full and clear it rose to heaven again;
'Tis glad with singing, sad with wailing cries;
Now leaps to freeborn life, now softly, softly dies.

His mother's look was hushed in deep delight;
Her ear drank in the sound; her hungry eye
Fed on the face of Jubal, drank the sight
Of his rapt look, gazing unseeingly.
The wild pulse quivered in the fluttering throat;
The long breath steadied, ceased, again began;
A ready finger checked the o'erlengthening note;
From soft to wild the liquid current ran.
What other world, what other life, whispers to man ?

He ceased at last, and stood, still listening,
Moved, but unsatisfied; his spirit far,
Questioning space, or sweeping with swift wing
The tense chord of some distant singing star
That octaves earth; weaving the harmonies
That the creative Voice made possible.
Nearest the ear, the spirit sense, there lies
The quick soul, fain to fill its full.
It is the Word that shows us God, the Ineffable.

The mother, moving, sighed in full content;
And loving, half-revering, bent to kiss
The soft lips where the quick breath came and went.
Perhaps the dreams of both were full of bliss;
The mother's of her boy; the boy's of sound
Which earth heard never; where each melting note
Its own responsive mate forever found;
Where most tumultuous feelings found a throat,
And vaguest thoughts a voice, and no heights were
remote.

Father, Thou givest to man creative powers,
But only in so human a degree
The breath that breathes in us is Thine, not ours,
And still beyond the ideal gleams fitfully.
Thou sayst "Let light be," and there is light;
And the real and the fair ideal are one.
But what man does, to what he dreams, is night
To some fair summer dawn luring the sun.
'Tis only Thou canst say, "Behold, 'tis good, 'tis
done."

Yet when the impulse comes 'tis sovereign master,
No other voice can drown the insistent cry.
When Jubal woke, his heart but followed faster
The fleeing thing that called alluringly.
The compass needle shall forsake the pole
Before the lovely phantom lose her lover;
And though a million suns their courses roll,
Still would he hunt her to her unknown cover.
When she shall fade, or he forget, let life be over.

The slow moons passed; the broad earth wheeled
her flight
Around the unquiet sun; still the new days
Called Jubal to his herds; set the great might
Of Tubal-Cain, pursuing his own ways,
To ring the clanging iron. And still each hour
Beat Jubal's heart against the intangible.
His slender frame had knit to manhood's power;
His boyish treble of deep notes was full;
Still shone the stars in his eyes; still lured the beau-
tiful.

Sometimes he walked beside the lispig stream,
Naamah's hand in his; the mountain's crest,
Haloed with sunset glory, flashed a gleam
From its dark silence to each throbbing breast.
Love brings us tumult, brings us sweetest rest;
Makes gods of us; makes very babes again.
Heaven is his birthright, but when earth has
pressed

His pulse ethereal, Love knows her pain,
But shares his birthright, singing still the heavenly
strain.

Exalted and uplifted, scorning sleep,
His throbbing pulses heralding the dawn,
Jubal his happy vigils still would keep.
Enchanting night! when young hearts dream upon
Dark eyes; again together the lips press.
All things are easy; heaven to earth comes down.
God-like, the spirit doffs its earthly dress
To keep pace with its peers. To win the crown
Of one shy maiden's heart, 'twould dare the
lightning's frown.

Sometimes he sighed upon his mother's heart.
Then, proudly lifted to his kingly height,
He smiled into her eyes; drew her apart
To hear some wayward note, or see the light
Play over Tubal-Cain's bright metals, where
The sparks leaped from the kissing iron's shrill ring.
Then off he wandered to the forest rare
To dream of sound; to hear the wildbird sing;
To listen to the vague, sweet music of the air.

One morning in the earth's most joyous time
Of the firstfruits, as forth went Tubal-Cain,
Swinging his hammer, harkening to the chime
Of iron and brass, the soul's ear's quick refrain,
Far off he heard, upon the astonished air,
A new sound charm his sense; like silver bells
The sound came stealing to his eager ear.
Now like the wind's wild rush the music swells,
Then soft as if a spirit would endear
The memory of a farewell with a falling tear.

Amazed, enchanted, still he listened on;
His own heart's passions, or its softest thought,
Translated to himself; the roseate dawn
Of a new sense, new power to feel, had wrought
Its miracle on the untutored mind.
He held his breath, he looked up to the sky,
He loved and wondered, dreamed, rushed to
endeavor;
All earth and heaven whirled with ecstasy,
Himself one pulse of passionate pain, and never
Could life be aught but deep delight, but heaven,
forever.

The sun laughed high in heaven; the nooning call
Of Jubal gladdened all his hungry herds;
With one last thrill, the music's soft footfall
Died on the air, like love's last whispered words.
There at the little grass-woven tent's wide door
Stood Jubal, pale still in his conquering might;
The stars of joy in his eyes; while his brow wore
The unearthly look of beauty; at the sight
Tubal came toward him, stammering with delight.

“Show me the spirits of thine enchanted tent,
Whose seraph voices just have died away.
My heart is big, yet all my strength is spent;
I pray thee do not madden with delay.
Oh, bid them speak that have bewitched my heart,
For earth is cold till all my pulses flame.
Such melody must be the Godlike part
Of heaven; never earth can be the same;
She has heard heaven; give her then some grander
name.”

Half-dreaming Jubal looked upon his brother,
And then his smile came like a flash of light.
“What! thou, my brother, pleased with any other
Than thou canst handle, shapen with thy might?”
Then back he stepped, and once again uprose
The magic breathings that transformed the air.
Tubal stood breathless till the whispered close.
Then turning looked with wondering despair
Upon his brother, standing haloed unaware.

“Thou doest it? Oh, art thou then a god?
Dost thou command the wind, the sea, the heart?
And I ne’er saw upon thy forehead broad
The power that rends the very rocks apart?
Nay, thou hast rent my heart from out my breast;
If thou didst make it, it is very thine.
Thou wakest tempests as thou givest rest,
By the sweet wonders of that voice divine.
Thou plantest an undying fire in this heart of
mine.”

But Jubal laughed, and carelessly he smote
His brother's shoulder: "Nay, thou'rt folly's
tongue.

Thyself hast often struck a ringing note.
That pierced the ear as tinglingly it rung;
Art thou a god then? No one makes but He;
We use but what He gives so lavishly.
He sends the wish that will not set us free
Until at least 'tis granted partially.
Come thou, and with the twilight I'll return with
thee."

With eager tongue, with stammering, eloquent
speed,

The wondrous tale was told by Tubal-Cain:
That air and winds and waves had voice indeed;
The wondering herald stars had sung again.
Jubal had power to summon at his will
Sounds which no mortal ear had ever heard.
And every one might come and hear his fill,
Hear Jubal's skill outrival the sweet bird.
And all hearts listened eagerly, with wonder stirred.

Over the seething kid sweet Adah bending
Pursued her work, murmuring low harmonies.
Fair was she still; though her soft hair was blending
The moonlight with its sunlight, in her eyes
The smile was still undimmed; the steadfast love
Of her warm heart still gathered over all
The atmosphere in which alone do move
The dearest joys of life which here befall.
Still youth was in her feet at any loved one's call.

She caught the drifting echoes of the words
Of Tubal-Cain; starting, she looked, to see
Jubal stand smiling, and like tuned chords
Each knew the other's heart; and joyfully
She looked into his eyes; he bent to kiss
Her happy forehead; lingering at her side;
Smiling to see the tender mother-bliss
Rise in her face with love's resistless tide.
Joy filled his heart; could her soul be unsatisfied ?

Before the shapeless shadows of the night
Had made real unreal, giving reality
To that which is not, in the softening light
A rain of footsteps fell most musically
Under the sheltering trees; the winds were whist;
The mountain-circled calm soothed the strained
ear;
With lapping wave the little river kissed
Its velvet banks; the full moon's lucent sphere
Hung low in heaven, listening; the soul of night
was here.

And on the expectant air rose a low cry,
So faint, so far off, yet so human, too,
It smote the waiting hearts that breathlessly
The sweet pain of a smitten harpstring knew;
Slowly the sound came earthward, mingling, blent,
With love and sorrow, joy and grief and calm;
A hundred hearts breathed forth each great intent
Of rivaling heaven with some great swelling psalm
That should voice passion, longing, joy; be earth's
great balm.

And then the winds of heaven whisperingly
Cooled the hot hearts that would have earth and
heaven;

The sound of waves sang of the shoreless sea
That would not rest, like a soul unforgiven.
And now a glad bird singing over all,
With untamed rapture that enfolds the soul,
As if the spirit of gladness would enthrall
For one wild hour the heart hot tears control,
And make our sorrowful half of life a golden whole.

Who feels the warmth of music's magic breath
Melt all his soul to bliss, he only knows
The pain of joy, the joy of pain; knows death
When most alive; and while the soft spray blows
From the infinite sea over his weary thought,
Feels life through death; hears the great song of
time,
When all the earth's discords into tune are wrought,
Sound through eternity its ringing chime;
And all the circling orbs swing into rhythm and
rhyme.

No marvel that a breaking mother heart,
O'erfolded by the empty arms of grief,
Sobbed out with tears that bade despair depart,
"I heard my baby cry;" and pain's relief
Comes in one wave of fuller, softer pain;
And youthful hearts that lived but to aspire
Felt vague desire a living power gain;
And slow hearts, kindled with the heavenly fire,
Felt newborn might to lift earth to the seraph choir.

The heart's conceptions spring like leaping flame;
In molten mass the liquid mirror lies,
Until the spirit thing without a name
In crystalline fire of opal greets the eyes.
The soul awakes and knows its heaven-born kin;
Genius has touched the waiting chords of earth;
Without, the air is trembling flame; within,
New thoughts, new loves, new joys, have wondering
 birth;
Spirit knows spirit; mortals know celestial mirth.

From the first master have the notes come down,
Far, faint, and sweet, yet full of music's might.
The earth is royal with its potent crown,
The heart of man throbs with a new delight.
Heart knows a brother heart when the one tongue,
The mother tongue, a common love can tell.
The sweetest voices that have ever sung
Live still, like sound in the sea-haunted shell,
Remembered, though unheard, in unborn years to
 dwell.

Hail, Jubal! Father, so the record saith,
Of all who handle harp or organ; ay,
And those who listen, with suspended breath
Borne on the surges of all harmony.
And as the waves of music softly die
The quivering nerve its mystic message feels;
The soul uplifted to its ecstasy
Follows the rhythmic dance the planet wheels,
And pressing Godward, breathes the Infinite
 breath, and kneels.

THE PRAYER OF THE PARTED

He has gone from me, heaven!
My true love has gone;
Ere the high sun has shriven
The white soul of dawn;

And the heart in my bosom —
One great swelling tear —
Melts in snow, like the blossom
That first greets the year.

Bend low, gentle grasses,
His foot touched you last;
The wind's footstep passes,
But his step has passed;

And the fair stars of heaven
Their long paths shall trace,
And the sweet dews of even
Fall oft on earth's face,

Ere the sun of my heaven
Shall warm my sad heart,
And sorrow be driven
In joy to depart.

Dear Father in heaven,
Oh, keep him, I pray,
Although he be driven
A world's length away.

Through the perils that hover
O'er all who must rove,
Be Thy hand his cover,
His surety Thy love.

And should Thy love find him
In desolate seas,
And Thy white angel blind him
For death's mysteries,

And Thou make in the ocean
His loneliest grave,
Deep, deep, where no motion
Can lift the dead wave, —

One grace to me, heaven,
Oh, one grace to me.
Let the blue waves roll over
My lover and me.

Or if down on the clover
He lay his tired head,
And the sweet winds blow over
Like prayers softly said,

And they part for his resting
The fragrant brown sod,
With the bird songs attesting
Thy goodness, O God, —

One grace to me, heaven,
Oh, one grace to me.
Let the long grasses cover
My lover and me.

Long years have rolled over
Since that prayer was said,
And the long grasses cover
Both lover and maid.

THE LILIES' LULLABY

Sleep, little baby, I said
As I stood by the little bed
With hands full of lilies,
And looked on the winsome face
In careless baby grace
Where sleep so still is.
Sleep, little baby, I said.

I bring the fragrant sense
Of your white innocence,
Baby, so still and fair.
Wake, with the dimpled smile;
With the unconscious wile
Your sister lilies wear.
Wake, little baby, I said.

But the sweet baby head
Still pressed the little bed,
With the lilies sleeping.
Earth's most impassioned cry
The little heart slips by,
Its slumber keeping.

Sleep, little baby, they said:
Down in your grassy bed
Where the tall lilies lie.
We sing the lullabies
To the closed baby eyes.
Lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep, little baby, they said.

Sleep, little baby, we sing.
Moonlight and peace we bring
For your sweet sleeping,
Down where the lilies wave
There your sad mother gave
You to our keeping.
Sleep, little baby, we sing.

Sleep, little baby, we pray;
Shaded from glaring day,
Cool in the grasses.
While the white lilies bow,
Bending and courtesying now
When the wind passes.
Sleep, little baby, we pray.

Sleep, little baby, we sing.
The low winds are whispering
To you where you lie.
All the tall lilies wave,
White shadows on your grave;
Lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep, little baby, we sing.

Sleep, little baby, oh, sleep.
The peace of your slumber keep
Through all its lightness.
On your untroubled breast
Still let the lilies rest
To borrow whiteness.
Sleep, little baby, oh, sleep.

Sleep, little baby, we say.
Passed is earth's troubled day;
Here in the shadows
Where sweetest fragrance lives,
Where heaven its white dream gives
From star-sown meadows,
Sleep, little baby, we say.

Oh, sleep, little baby, sleep.
Their watch the lilies keep
'Neath the wide sky.
As the white leaves take wing
Still to your heart we sing,
Lullaby, lullaby.
Oh, sleep, little baby, sleep.

SAPPHO

No woman but a spirit thou,
With flashing brow and lips of flame;
The south wind breathing even now
The violet odors of thy name.

A glory and a mystery rest
On the sweet wonder of thy lyre,
As, starlike, from thy shining breast
Rain down thy deathless songs of fire.

And luminous in the shadowed air
Thy image shines on marveling eyes;
Upon thy glistening golden hair
A crown of woven sunlight lies.

A goddess veiled; a flame through mist;
A planet drinking in the sun;
An angel by a mortal kissed;
A song of love, immortal one.

For thy sweet singing sounds the note
Of love, of love, and still of love.
Forever through thy music float
The full sweet flutings of the dove.

No spirit but a woman thou,
With woman's passionate, loving heart,
Captive at love's low, whispered vow;
Broken, if love and truth can part.

A clinging human heart that feels
Love's power on its spirit lie;
Knows love's triumphal chariot wheels,
And love's dark shadow, jealousy.

Knows nature's melting, witching moods
That set the riotous pulses leaping;
Knows silences and solitudes,
Love's faithful vigils ceaseless keeping.

And little children's winsome charm
Finds voice within this heart of flame;
A mother's heart, tender and warm;
A lover's echoing to a name.

A song in music's softest key;
A breath, a flame, an ecstasy.
Yet earth's supreme reality
Is echo, wingèd voice, to thee.

HOMESICKNESS

When twilight has cast its glamor
Upon earth's dusky breast,
And the day's insistent clamor
Dies in the opal west,

When the tired steps of the passers,
Fainter and nearer home,
Lead the thronging memories onward
Till the homesick tears must come,

Then the strong chain of the present
Falls from the hungry heart;
Like a bird to its native ether
The eager fancies start.

Fair is the home of the stranger,
And dear my alien nest;
But the heart is a wayward ranger
And loves its own way best.

The rosy land of the sunset
Shines 'gainst a golden sky,
And hearts are warm and voices soft
Where the western glories lie;

But oh, the home of my father,
And oh, my mother's eyes!
The sound of the lute strings' 'plaining
When the moon swings in the skies;

And out of the darkness stealing
My true love's melting voice,
With its tenderness appealing
To the very soul of joys;

While the long line of the dancers
Wavers and winds and sways;
And oh, to foot it featly
As in the dear old days!

The light on the shadowed mountains
Falls like a purple crown;
And from their starlit fountains
The wine of life comes down.

And oh, to know your sweet old ways,
O youth and love and home;
The outlook to the fairy days,
The days that never come,

When each one crowned will honor,
Life's prizes in her hands,
The world's sun shining on her,
Shall come from other lands

And bring to the dear old home land
Some dream-world's counterpart;
Some rainbow kingdom, captured
To please the mother heart.

But with insatiate longing,
Home-hunger never stilled,
I bring an aching, empty heart
That clamors to be filled.

And oh, but the dear old memories
Lie closer on my breast
Than childish dream on childish eyes —
With all their sweet unrest.

And again I join the dancers
As the wavering circles sway;
And once again my lover's song
Thrills in the sweet old way.

And on the arm of my father
I lean my happy head;
And the low lutes call through the shadows,
And the sweet good nights are said.

Only a shadow forever
The old home of my love;
And the echoes memory gathers
Are the only sounds thereof.

And the deep voice of my father
Shall charm my ear no more.
And oh, to be an exile
Upon a stranger shore!

MESSIAH

In doubt, in dread, in darkness, in strange lands;
The hope that will not die
Still heavenward lifts the patient, waiting hands
To the promise of the sky.

He tarrieth long; but surely He will come,
All nations' strong Desire.
Day questions day; the empty years are dumb;
Silent the seraph choir.

Voiceless and vague, the patient hope lives on;
A world's hope who can still?
'Tis darkness as of midnight, yet the dawn
A whole wide world shall thrill.

Darkness and silence; the dumb prayer unheard;
So chaos lay in night;
Till softly on its sluggish waters stirred
The living Spirit of light.

O Thou creative Voice, whose mighty ring
Called music into birth,
Speak yet again, till isle to isle shall sing
Across the wastes of earth.

Till noon and morning and the purple even
Scatter night's sullen glooms;
And singing earth cry unto listening heaven:
He comes, Messiah comes.

Till then the waiting; oh, the waiting years,
Sick with the hope deferred:
The prayer that struggles through despairing tears,
The cry that must be heard.

And still the unhearing sky bends its calm arch
Above earth, and apart;
The stars shine on in their unending march
'Round some great central Heart.

O heart of earth, will thy need move the heaven?
Thy cry the heart of God?
And to thy longing be the blessing given,
Thy dust be heaven-trod?

Be still and know; His are the eternal years;
On His unchanging Word
Rest the whole earth and all the whirling spheres;
He spake, and thou hast heard.

When the still midnight lingers toward the dawn,
The wakened winds draw breath;
Long ere the curtain of the day is drawn
The darkness murmureth.

The rustling of wee wings creeps to the ear;
Whispers the silence break;
And then a drowsy pipe as if in fear
The morning would not wake.

The air is restless; a new hope is born;
New life the silence thrills;
And then the sweet bird chorus, and the morn
Flushes the waiting hills.

So in the spirit world a vague unrest
Through the heart's darkness sings;
A purpose wakes; as in some dawn-stirred nest
The fluttering of wings.

Stand thou on tiptoe, earth; wait for the light;
The shadows pale to gray;
And faith's quick ear hears through the straining
night
The whisper of the day.

And wondrous glories to this day belong;
Heaven crowns earth's earnest prayer.
The floating music of some strange sweet song
Throbs through the radiant air.

Sing the glad tidings to the farthest lands;
Be earth His wingèd car.
Through the darkness, o'er the drifting desert sands,
Shines the glory of the Star.

A CLOUD PALACE

A radiant palace lives for me
In a skyey place;
Balanced cloud-like, dreamily;
Dome on dome ethereally
Lifts a magic grace;
Matchless minaret and spire
Lift the glorious vision higher;
When I look out to the skies
All the world beneath me lies.

Cloud-like trceries, frescoes rare,
O'er my head are bent;
Tremulous in the fragrant air
Incense rises like the prayer
Of a penitent.
Every voice of earth and heaven
To my air-hung home is given.
So near heaven its dome shall be
Heaven itself will talk with me.

Sunrise, like a spirit's smile,
Gilds each rosy dome;
Golden morn with radiant wile,
Evening down each purple aisle,
Crown my skyborn home.
Noon's glad splendor, touched with fire,
Lifts to heaven my heart's desire.
When my sunset windows close
Folded is my heart of rose.

Strangely sweet sky-secrets are
When the heart is still,
Shining from some steadfast star —
Heaven so near and earth so far —
On the heavenly will;
Longings voiced by some sweet breath
Where a spirit whispereth;
Echoes, in their solemn flight,
Of the march of day and night.

When the pearl moon through the sky
Draws a lambent light,
In its soundless harmony
Earth's dark, wheeling ball flees by,
Greatening on my sight,
With its unsolved mystery
Shadowed by eternity;
Like a sombre chrysalis
Waiting for the great sun's kiss.

Soft enchantment of moonlight
With thy dreamlike ray,
More mysterious than the night,
More inspiring than the light
Of the unseeing day,
Shining on my gleaming floors
Through the alabaster doors,
Prophet-like through thee we see
Glimpses of infinity.

Day's sun-woven veil of light
Falls from earth's worn face;
To the stars' transcendent sight
All the secret ways of night
Show their hiding place.

Ghosts of buried hopes arise
Like another world's surprise,
Exhalations from that deep
Where all human memories sleep.

A thousand mystic murmurings rise
Through the waiting even,
Lyrics of lost paradise,
Surging to the peaceful skies,
To all-hearing heaven.
The great human harp is stirred
And its wild notes must be heard.
O mysterious heart of man,
Singing since the world began.

Harmony and discord thine,
If but utterance;
Whispered echoes, spirit-fine,
And through all the chord divine
Thrills the human sense.
Memmon-like, the wingèd morn
Calls to song the day newborn;
Herald-like the stars forewarn
"Peace on earth, the Prince is born."

When the mystic step of night
Hastes into the past,
As the shadow world takes flight
Halos of the morning light
Into life are cast,
Glancing on the golden spires,
Flaming through the crimson fires
Of the windows' thousand dyes,
Splendid as a peacock's eyes.

Like a dove's neck's lovely tints
Falls the changing light,
Gloom and opal softly prints,
As a butterfly's wing glints
When the noon is bright,
Or as ruby-throated bird
When its fairy hum is heard,
Flashes on the eager eye
Like a new thought of the sky.

While from all the heaven around,
To enchanted ears,
As if voice were newly found,
Comes a universe of sound
From the circling spheres.
Heaven's own orchestra distils
From sources of the golden hills
Such immortal poesy
The stars keep time in ecstasy.

Filled with beauty, tranced with sound,
Still is life complete?
Will not heaven's widest bound,
The trackless deeps the stars have found,
Stay thy longing feet?
Wider is the heart's desire
Than the star-sun's farthest fire.
Oh, grandest sights! Oh, sweetest sounds!
The heart is full, but the heart still longs.

Beauty, what is thy secret name,
What thy power to bind —
As a lost song the echoes frame —
The haunting thought of thy sweet flame
Upon all mankind?

Still thy subtle meaning slips
Into reason's dull eclipse;
Still the sweet enchantment lures;
Still the old, old spell endures.

Ah, we bring even to the sky
Earth's insatiate heart;
'Mid the spaces' swelling sigh
Still goes up the ceaseless cry;
Still the longings start.
As evening darkens down the sky
I would my restless thoughts would die;
The sunset gold, a glorious veil,
Hiding earth's shadow-haunted sail.

It cannot be; the heart is there;
The long, long love still calls;
And even in the heavenly air,
Even in the ecstasy of prayer,
Earth's great shadow falls.
A changing song, and yet the same,
A secret wish without a name,
A ceaseless strain the heart within
That conquers but it cannot win.

So the God within the man
Draws him to the skies;
Makes our life a moment's span,
A lullaby that earth began
In its Paradise,
As prelude to the manhood song
The world's great chorus shall prolong,
And whose prophetic dreams torment
The mirror of this earth's content.

Shall the man within the God
 Feel earth's pulses beat?
And dream of summer vales untrod
Where roses part the fragrant sod
 And sky and hilltop meet?
Man's heart is but God's in less;
Only the infinite Loveliness
And growing consciousness thereof,
Shall satisfy our longing love.

Come climb with me my palace tower
 And hear, in mystic chime,
All day and night in silent power
The rhythmic passing of the hour
 Mark the march of time.
And upward to the flushing skies,
Godward, lift thy human eyes
And sweep all heaven's celestial dome,
Our feet on earth, our heart at home.

A LULLABY FOR A FORGETFUL HEART

Love is a silent comer;
But where he makes his nest
The music of his summer
Sings in the happy breast.
But like a blackened ember,
When dies love's thrilling fret,
The heart that must remember,
The heart that can forget.

The nest that held love's sweetness
Is empty to the rain;
And life's dreamed of completeness
Can never come again.
It is the heart's November;
The winds wail with regret;
And I must still remember.
Love, love, dost thou forget?

The song its echo haunteth;
The dead its memory;
The shell its low roll chanteth
Because it knew the sea;
And as some dying ember
Its heart of fire regrets,
Thy love I must remember,
My truth thy heart forgets.

Unless the snow embosom
The hidden thought of Spring,
April would know no blossom
And June no wild bird's wing.
Though cold the bleak December
When low the pale sun sets,
One heart must still remember;
And, love, thy heart forgets.

Thine is the child's heart, seeking
Its happiness in mirth;
But Love is ever speaking
In sorrow to the earth.
The storms of stern November
Thine eyes with wild tears met.
Oh, my heart must remember,
But let thine heart forget.

I would not have the shadows
Lie on this heart of thine;
Thy place is in wide meadows
Beneath the warm sunshine.
Fair as the sweet September
Thine eyes of violet.
My heart must still remember;
Sweetheart, let thine forget.

ORPHEUS

Night

Quiet and rest and calm
Over the great world be;
Hush, while I sing my psalm,
Oh, restless earth and sea.

Pure pale queen of the night,
Measure the hours of sleep
With thy silent step of light,
While the slow clouds onward sweep.

Hark to my pleading lyre
As the tides of midnight flow,
Stars, with a crystalline fire
Deep in your breasts of snow.

When Jove with a voice of thunder called into being
and life
All that is living and beautiful, all that is fair and
young,
Still as his bosom swelled with power, while the
winds with his voice were rife,
The secret of creation lay with the first notes ever
sung.
What doth create but music? Tell me, O winds
of heaven?
What is the thrill of the waiting air but the magic
of thy breath?
What is the good-night kiss to earth in the purple
hour of even
But the last sweet carol of birds enchanting even
the ear of death?

What speaks to the throbbing pulses, O living
human heart,
Like the mounting waves of harmony, king over
joy and pain?
What is the master of love, oh, say, lovers who meet
and part,
But the voice that the ear hears ever, nor ever hears
in vain?
When the warm, lithe body, lapped in sleep, lies
on the fragrant grass,
Careless of earth, and dead to love, following a
tangled maze,
Softly the sweet lute drops a note as the wandering
minstrels pass;
The sleeper quickens to happy dreams, or wakes
unto love-filled days.
The mourner weeps in silence; then hears in some
sweet-breathed chant
The sound of the old days come again, and all her
pulses stir.
The piping shepherd is very Pan to the clear reed's
flattering vaunt;
Apollo's sun-kissed brow shines forth from his
lowliest minister.

Oh, sweet, mysterious, mighty child of the longing
heart,
Master of throbbing pulses, prince in the soul's
domain,
Thou the voice of my yearning, life of my life thou
art,
Child and mother and goddess, Psyche's sweet self
again.

Jupiter has his thunderbolts, but with his silver
lyre
Apollo holds a sceptre that no heart can withstand.
Take you the enslaved lightnings, give me the
heavenly fire
That flames in souls that love it o'er all the smiling
land.
Ring it in silver clarion o'er mount and vale and sea;
Sing it in sweetest whisperings unto the lute's low
breath;
Follow it where the haunting pipe rings out al-
luringly;
Mourn to it when the muffled beat tells of a hero's
death.
And thou, my lyre, with thy sweet sounds my very
life is blest;
Thy strings my heartstrings, and thy sighs the
breathing of my soul;
When thou art silent, know thou, my forces all
are spent,
And when thou speakest, ah, my life rounds to a
perfect whole.
And when this hand falls pulseless, and the shadows
claim their own,
And I hear the spirit voices calling, calling, from
afar,
Jove set thee in his heavens, in his own silver zone,
To live in light immortal, each quivering string a
star.

Rest and quiet and calm
Over the earth shall be.
Peace! let the mystic balm
Of music fall on thee.

LOVE

Earth's transcendent wonder, I have seen thine
eyes;
Blue and starry and beautiful, they have looked
on me.
Heaven's divinest glamour in their clear depth lies.
Beauty's self is born in thee, O fair Eurydice.

Dream of a golden morning, dawn like a blush
rose's heart,
Witchery like the very soul of music's softest note;
Oh, can such unthought wonder be of the earth a
part?
Nay, in a rainbow home doth thy rapt spirit
float.

Thine is the ideal loveliness the sunrise fain would
show;
Thine is the floodtide splendor of noon's golden
skies;
Thou art the sweet quick pain when the evening
bird sings low;
Thou the wistful longing when the sunset dies.

Soft at the purple mantle, night o'er the twilight
throws,
Noiseless as the footsteps of the tranquil morning
star,
More hushed, more silent, than the sweet birth of
the rose,
So soft, so silent, is thy coming, as all raptures
are.

Skyborn, when thy wingèd spirit swept its fairy
flight

To the happy river that henceforth sings of thee;
When thou dawnest on my wonder, radiant morn-
ing light,

Life and joy and sound celestial, waked in me.

Thou who art life and morning, fragrance and
breath and song,

In the heart whose beating pulses measure love
alone,

Heart of my heart, thou art the moon of my sea
that surges strong

On the echoless shores of longing, longing for
its own.

Breath of delight, I claim thee; now thou art very
mine;

Mine eyes know but thy beauty, mine ears thy
haunting voice.

Come then, love, to mine arms, with the kiss that
is most divine.

Sing for me, stars of heaven! fountains of earth,
rejoice!

LOSS

All the stars are fallen from heaven;
Dawn nor noon no more I see;
Only in the purple even
Can my sad heart sing of thee.

Thou art gone from earth's cold border;
All my life is gone with thee.
Hades's triple-headed warder
Guards thee now, Eurydice.

Flaming-eyed, the serpent-traitor
Was a fitting messenger,
Pluto, when thou didst await her,
With thine envious heart astir.

Ah, thou black king, didst thou meet her,
Insolently touch her hand?
Didst thou leave thy queen to greet her
As she reached the shadow land?

King although the shades may call thee,
Know that love is master yet.
Let thine impotence appal thee;
No true heart will e'er forget.

And thou, my sweet Eurydice,
Though braving Lethe's river,
Wilt hold thy heart above the sea
And love but me forever.

Yet thou art gone from my embrace.
I turn to kiss thy loving lips,
The cool mists lightly greets my face;
And all my life is in eclipse.

The dawn no longer sees its youth
Mirrored in thine uplifted face;
The rose its other self, in truth,
But borne with more transcendent grace.

How can the lambent morning star
Pour light upon my silent lips,
When my beloved is wandering far
Beyond the port of mortal ships?

I hear thy light step in the breeze
That dallies o'er the willing leaves;
Thy low laugh, when the bending trees
Lift skyward in sweet summer eves.

When all the noon-hushed weary birds
Are harkening to the brook's low calling,
Thy voice comes fluting, and thy words
Of love are through the silence falling.

And when I hold the violet
Thy sweet breath passes o'er my lip.
Dost thou forget, dost thou forget,
The dear joys of companionship?

And still when all the stars rejoice
And the moon shines clearest,
Comes the echo of thy voice,
Oh, my love! my dearest!

EFFORT

Then shall love not be power in the breast of a man,
Say thou, O my lyre ?
Though earth and hell cannot, surely love can;
If love but inspire,
The flame in the heart burns each barrier down.
Shall I fear Jove's lightning, or Pluto's dark frown ?

To thy feet, to thy heart, O Eurydice mine;
Love findeth the way.
Though gods be thy keepers, yet love is divine.
Thou Star of the day,
If thou do but greet me and long for me there,
Die thou, my dark sorrow; lie down, black despair.

I shall rush to thine arms ere the dawn flames the
sky;
Nor shall hell intervene.
Yea, even the deathless immortal shall die,
Who dares stand between.
Shame, shame on despair. What! a coward, and
love ?
Nay, despair's from beneath and sweet love's
from above.

Flame up in my heart, O Promethean fire,
Love calls to the strings:
Hast played for my pleasure, O musical lyre ?
Hast borne on thy wings
The spirit whose longing would sweep to the sky ?
Now thrill to my pulses, and great death shall die.

O spirit of love that the universe fills,
 Empower my heart.
Earth, summon thy fountains, thy mystical hills,
 Their strength to impart.
And girt with thy fulness, O mightiest love,
I measure thy might against conquering Jove.

RETURN

Oh, gone, gone, gone, Eurydice!
 And I alone.
Thy wistful eyes' appeal I see,
 And hear thy moan.

And almost thou wert mine. O woe!
 The love that won,
That very love made overthrow
 Of joy begun.

O fatal look! yet how forbear,
 When, at my side,
Thy luminous shadow on the air
 Made love's floodtide.

Shine not on me, O sun of heaven;
 Withdraw thy light.
Thy brightness only should be given
 To bring delight.

The starless, moonless night is mine,
 Where shadows be;
Since the dark underworld is thine,
 Eurydice.

How shall I live my weary life
From thee apart;
And thy farewell, my love, my wife,
To break my heart.

The weary moons their vigils keep
On night's black shore;
And in my heart the shadows sleep
Forevermore.

Love, love, thy voice! Ah, no; on high
The branches toss.
And wide beneath the arching sky
The sense of loss.

Oh, vital spirit of love, that lives,
Will live forever,
Can that which sense of Godhead gives
Have ending ever?

Can that which conquers even death,
By death be slain?
Surely I'll see, beyond this breath,
My love again,

And clasp thee in mine arms once more,
Eurydice;
What matter though an alien shore
Our love shall see.

Our triumph yet shall be complete,
My love, my own;
I shall o'ertake thy wandering feet
In some far zone,

And love that conquered once, shall keep
Its victory,
And clasping its beloved, shall sweep
Death's shoreless sea.

GOOD BY

"Good night, good by," said he.
"Good night," said she.
"Nay, say good by to me,
And say it graciously,
Since I am going."

"Good by, good by," said she;
"Good by," said he;
"If you once think of me,
I'll know it joyously
Where I am going.

"Good by, good by, Lenore,
Good by once more.
My friend till life be o'er,
Though I have passed your door,
Though I am going."

His lips caressed her hand;
Facing they stand:
Never time's running sand
Shall see them hand in hand
After his going.

Down the steps to the street; —
Parting too fleet!
More parting words were meet,
Since parting is so sweet
When one is going.

Down the street blithesomely
His steps fall free.
“Lest I be late,” said he,
“The wind blows merrily
To speed my going.”

The hand his lips caressed,
Her lips now pressed:
“God send me quiet rest;
All the heart in my breast
Goes with his going.

“Two hearts, for love’s sweet sake,
Life’s pain may take;
When but one heart doth ache,
What can it do but break,
When one is going?

“Fragrance and life and love
’Round him do move.
Dreams all their glamor wove;
Where is the soul thereof? —
Gone with his going.”

Dark fell the shadows there;
Heavy the air.
Low bowed the raven hair;
One heart earth’s sorrow bare,
Just for his going.

CHIOS AND PATMOS

O blind old man, whose wondrous seeing eyes
Saw yet the vision of the Grecian ships;
Saw Helen's beauty, love's ensnared surprise;
Achilles's fire, when anger sealed his lips.
The flaming ruin of great Troy's eclipse
Flared in thine eyes from the great wonder days.
Greece leaped into her throne; her long ellipse
In circling course began its changeful ways.
A Queen of beauty, and a Queen of deathless praise.

Thine eyes looked over the long span of years
With the far poet's vision, unafraid;
A long river of light the past appears,
Purpled by many a thunder-cloud's deep shade.
And gods and heroes lent their conquering aid
To hang a golden vision in the sky.
The magic of the roseate dawning made
The unreal after-days like ghosts pass by;
Its matchless music an immortal rhapsody.

A thousand years pass over thy heart's dust,
Thou whose eye sought the golden age, the past;
And deemed the threatening, air-hung future must
Shadow a morn too glorious to last;
When in thy neighbor isle an emperor cast,
In pride of tyranny, an exiled man,
Over whose head an hundred years had passed;
But an old eagle still, whose eye could scan,
Undimmed, the sun of time, and heaven itself
outspan.

O Son of Thunder, Patmos heard thy voice;
And on its rocks thy lifeworn body lay.
Rejoice among thy sister isles, rejoice
That 'round thy head the crowns of lightning play.
Exile, upon thine eyes the eternal Day
Broke with the glory of the God of light,
And through thy vision, on his conquering way,
The pale horse rode into earth's shuddering night
And bore his rider through the shadow's headlong
flight.

A Voice, the sound of many waters, woke
Thy melting heart, and love's deep memory stirred.
Into one burst of song the heavens broke,
Thrilling with praise to the incarnate Word
Who left His throne, as One who ministered,
And lifted to His heart the earth that sinned.
Rapt and inspired thou stoodst, as one who heard
The spirit of the future on the wind;
While sun and blood-red moon the earth incarna-
dined.

Trumpet to trumpet calls across the ages,
And torch to torch flashes one golden flame;
The book is open, from whose living pages
The roll call sounds of each forgotten name.
Great Babylon, the harlot city, came
To hear her doom; humbled her haughty pride;
No more for her the purple flaunt of fame;
No more the voice of bridegroom or of bride;
Her glories swept away upon the scarlet tide.

The sheeted lightnings of the wrath divine
Flame white into the trembling soul of guilt;
The fires of doom, that blacken as they shine,
Drop from the vials as blood that had been spilt.
O God, the heavens depart which Thou hast built;
And like untimely fruit the shaken stars
Fall earthward, trailing ruin where Thou wilt;
The seven thunders, whose unwritten wars
Shattered the air, crash, roaring, through their
flaming cars.

And still the fragrant odors of earth's prayers
Rise to the Throne and make a silence there;
Hushed heaven stoops; and, trembling unawares,
The vibrant harps thrill through the listening air.
And as a loud amen to such a prayer
The chorus of the ransomed breaks in song;
Ten thousand times ten thousand fill the air;
Earth echoes the full thunder far along;
And from her saints new thousands press to swell
the throng.

The vision of the rainbow-circled Throne
Beside the sea of mingled glass and fire,
The New Jerusalem, like jasper stone,
Coming down out of heaven in bride attire,
These are the visions that thy soul inspire,
Thou banished to the isle 'twixt sea and sky;
Thou hearest the singing of the angel choir,
And earth, and all thine exile, passes by.
The Lamb as't had been slain fills thine enraptured
eye.

Long since Greece laid her sceptered glory down.
Still lives her story in her poet's lyre;
Still wears her memory its violet crown;
And graves of heroes tell her patriot fire.
But, Chios, thou hast seen thine high desire;
Thy golden age passed in her glorious flame;
The sun of thy proud hope could rise no higher;
Thy glory passed resistless as it came;
And Homer, Greece, Achilles, Troy, are but a
name.

Only the vision of what yet shall be
Has flashed, O Patmos, on thy sea-washed sand.
When time shall wake into eternity
Shall come the wonders glimpsed in thy far land;
And that rapt vision earth shall understand.
And when the awful glories of that day
Flame on the mountain peaks, and the great Hand
That opened to send earth upon her way,
Closes in darkness o'er her, death has passed away.

FOR —, WHO DIED

A violet, whose fragrant breath
Caressed each hovering air,
Transplanted by the hand of Death
Makes heaven itself more fair.

A strain of music, passing rare,
Where dearest memories meet,
Transported to diviner air
Makes heaven itself more sweet.

A flame, whose pure and perfumed heart
Made earth a hallowed shrine,
Its rainbow halo shall impart
To atmospheres divine.

A woman, in whose gentle breast
Celestial whispers stir,
Has passed to the eternal Rest
To make heaven lovelier.

All dreams of heaven are possible
Remembering what thou art;
The cup of love be brimming full
To reach thy saintly heart.

O sweet, O fair, thy listeners deem
The earth itself more dear
And touched by a diviner gleam
Since thou hast sojourned here.

Sweetest of earth, thy loveliness
Enchants the heavenly air,
Drawing by love's compelling stress
Since thou art living there.

A LOVER'S MOOD

The purple evening shrouds the sky;
The low wind sings its lonely part;
All nature breathes that long slow sigh,
The swelling of earth's homesick heart.
My longing heart cries out for thee.
Dost thou not dream, at least, with me
Of those far days, when, cheek to cheek,
We leaned above the dimpling wave,
Or westward watched the vivid streak
Faint in the glory that it gave;
Then turned from all the grandeur of the skies
To the dear April in the drooping eyes.

Oh, wisdom, of the ancients sung
With fervent zeal and ready tongue,
Beloved of heaven, of man revered,
By sages blest, by mind ensphered, —
Match me, with all your vaunted skill,
A rounded cheek's auroral tint,
Or test your cunning if you will
Against a burnished tress's glint.
At love's low song bewildered eyes
Uplift a look of shy surprise,
A slow, sweet waking to its bliss
That gives the next world's joy in this.
Thou callest, wisdom, but afar
There shines the glory of a star,
Nay of a sun, whose warmth divine
Is life and light, is love and song,
And the whole universe is mine,
And all that breathe to love belong.

And all the listening worlds are stirred
By the low music of a word.
Oh, sound divine, oh, matchless tone,
Music shall live in thee alone,
And all earth hear but thee, my own.
Even as my heart, forever mute,
Is listening for thy lips' low lute;
Alas! I listen for it now
In the strained silence' waiting hush
As slowly, through the trembling bough,
Rustles the pushing wind's quick rush;
My heart cries out, my lips are dumb;
Long waited for, thou dost not come.

And evening has a double spell
Beside a river's rhythmic flow;
The whisper of the waves' long swell,
The lapping on the rocks below,
Mystery and charm to silence lend,
And fated future days portend.

'Twas such a magic night as this,
Earth waiting for the heaven's kiss,
A mimic moon within the wave,
A dancing star the shore to lave,
When lover's lips their greeting gave
To lips beloved, and love's embrace
Clasped all of beauty 'neath the sky.
Sweetness and love breathed in the face
And from the dark and steadfast eye
Looked forth the soul of loyalty.

L OF G.

'Round innocence and purity
Forever breathes the air of heaven;
Whiteness is virtue's surety;
Armor of proof to truth is given.
And when love lends the gentle glance,
The glorious fire given to earth,
Mad thrills along the pulses dance
And life's sweet rapture leaps to birth.

O Love, the very thought of thee
Is one transcendent ecstasy;
And memory wields her silent power,
Thou'rt mine for this enchanted hour.
Again I marvel at those eyes,
Unmatched in all the starry skies;
Again the magic of thy tongue
Breathes o'er my heart the soul of song;
And night's sweet nameless witchery
Is voiced in its low melody.
Sorrow and sadness all are fled,
Save the sweet, haunting shade of pain
By joy itself interpreted—
The echo of earth's ceaseless 'plain.
Hast thou a charm to stay the hours
Lest rapture pass ere we can taste it?
As dew exhales from spring's frail flowers
Ere the hot sun come up to waste it.
Ah, press thy lips upon my own
Till both our beings melt in one.
How like a shadow earth has grown,
How like an echo pain is gone.
Pass thou, O time, eternity's great shade,
And give forever all thy pause has made.

O love, the star of this lone earth,
The soul upon thy beauty dreaming
Hath overleaped its mortal birth,
Is god indeed, or god is seeming,
And like a thought or purpose runs,
At home amid the circling suns,
Wherein the spirit bathes in light,
Till, subtly as a lost perfume
Thou passest, and earth's hopeless night
Has not a star to break its gloom.

O spirit-haunted memory,
Thy shadows on my spirit lie;
The loftiest spirit earth can know,
From world above to world below,
Thou art the sweet electric chain
That binds in one the severed twain,
The deathless bond, that, never broken,
Links human still to the divine,
Interpreter and mystic token
That life shall still be yours and mine.
And since my heart has cradled thee
Earth cannot fill its longing full.
I know thy home my home must be,
And I shall find thee, Beautiful,
Tracking thy footsteps through the blaze
Of star and world and kindling sun,
Searching the sweet, star-haunted ways,
Braving the comet's fiercest rays.
Till, at a breath, I come upon
The unforgotten radiance
Of thy transcendent starry glance,

Oh, will I find the human thrill
When I shall hear thy low, sweet tone,
And hast thou there the lover's will
To be forever with thine own ?

Still, still I haunt the river's brim
Still dream I of the sweet old days;
Sadly the robin's evening hymn
Sends memory in the dear old ways
When thy sweet breath was on my lips,
Thy shining eyes my heart's depths haunting,
The waves that bore our treasure ships,
Their long roll through our pulses chanting

O evening wind of memory,
Through all my heart thy rustle creeps
And stirs afresh the mystic sea
That 'round our lives in mystery sleeps.

THE PASSING OF THE CENTURY

Tumultuous time, a rounded century
Drops from thy ranks to join the silent dead:
No longer know her years thy captaincy,
They march in shadow ranks, with echoless tread.
An hundred years; and all at last are fled;
An hundred years; how glad they came to earth;
The long, long years; and all are vanishèd.
How swift is death, how fast it treads on birth.
Farewell, O hurrying shade, heedless of grief or
mirth.

O calm eternity, receive thine own;
In thee no time nor past nor future is.
What has lived, lives; what will live, thou hast
known;
And that which never comes thou wilt not miss.
Thine are the dead years, full of pain and bliss,
Yet every hour we live is truly ours.
The past doth build our present self; and this
Another prophecy of life embowers.
The present our promise is, the seed of future
flowers.

And now the account: O Judge of earth and
heaven,
Deal gently with the creatures Thou hast made,
Who filled with folly years for wisdom given,
Who hear Thy voice, like Adam, and are afraid.
We are Thy debtors for the years unpaid,
The years that came to fill the earth with light,
That pass on, darkened with earth's brooding shade.
Our hearts are silent as the hours' mute flight.
And the gigantic shadow melts into the night.

LONG AGO IN IRELAND

She sits alone on the distant hill;
The wind from the West comes faint and chill;
The dream in her dark eyes lingers still.

Dropped in her lap lies a sweet white rose,
Over the green stem her fingers close.
On her cheek the color comes and goes.

Where southward stretches the narrowing track
Echoes of hoofbeats come faintly back;
The trees in the moonlight stand stern and black.

Shadows of horse and rider thrown
Show three plumes waving against the stone,
Crowning the horseman who rides alone.

Out of the North comes the wild Red Rover;
All wild things hear him and run to cover.
Canst make fit husband from lawless lover?

Red Rover spurs up the mountain side,
His charger's nostrils are stretching wide
And the red blood drips from his panting side.

Red Rover kneels by the fair Eileen,
His bold eyes rove o'er her hair's black sheen,
Were ever such long-fringed eyelids seen?

He lays a pearl in her slender hand;
O fairest lady in all the land,
"Accept this tear from the ocean's strand."
A

She starts to her feet in keen dismay,
And the dream from her eyes is chased away;
“Nay, take back your priceless pearl, I pray.

“’Tis only the flowers that grow for me;
And the wondrous gems of the summer sea
Are made for the hand of royalty.”

“Nay, lady, for thee all beauty grows;
If too white a flame in my pearl’s heart glows
Give me in exchange thy fair white rose.”

The rose flush springs to her rounded cheek;
She looks toward the long road’s narrowing streak;
She clasps her rose, but she cannot speak.

Red Rover marks her with darkening brow:
“Oh, a dainty chooser of gifts art thou;
But I know the best gift for thee now.

“And ere through the blue of the highest heaven
The snowy sail of the moon is driven,
That gift of gifts to thy hand is given.”

The maddened charger’s straining rush
Has died away in the tranquil hush;
And white and cold is the sunset’s blush.

And far on the white road’s narrowing track
Another shadow flies swift and black,
And threatening echoes come grimly back.

Ay, cry to the heaven's far arch, Eileen,
And stretch thy hands to its gracious Queen;
But a man's deep curses lie between.

The road's white river bears on its breast
The shade of a horseman with sword at rest,
And three plumes nodding above a crest.

And far behind, but with shortening space,
Another shadow travels apace,
And it flies as one who runs a race.

Oh, why has the night so threatening grown!
Was that a cry on the night wind blown
That the heart in thy bosom turns to stone?

Where the night dew's perfume the sleeping rose
The sweetest flower of all that grows
Lies prone where the rustling night wind blows.

A struggle of hoofs on the mountain side,
A black horse, dripping and terrified,
The rider's drawn sword all with red blood dyed.

Red Rover kneels to the tortured maid,
His laugh rings mocking and unafraid;
Three plumes on the crimsoning grass he laid.

Eileen, with one low, heartbroken moan,
Herself on his dripping sword has thrown,
And her life-blood blends with her lover's own.

And even Red Rover's cheek grows white
As he sees the hope of his heart take flight.
For love is braver and stronger than might.

THE VIOLINIST

A hush, a presence, a spirit calling
Unto the soul of song;
A rain of notes in golden sunlight falling
The ways of earth along.

The power and the sweetness of the strings
Fall full upon the heart,
And memory whispers, and dear longing brings
Its witchery to his art.

Stillness and calm, power and might and sweetness
Live in the waiting air;
Life with its radiance, life with its fleetness,
Life with its hope, is there.

Youth, hope, and love,— and still the strings in-
vite
With whisper softer grown;
The world is melody, the world is light,
The spirit has her own.

The winds rush downward, and the sea awakes;
And on the listening ear
The ever-living human anthem breaks —
All that the heart holds dear.

The swift bow poised above the waiting string —
A soul and its desire —
Calls through the silence, then with downward
wing
Strikes out its heart of fire.

And now, coquette, it dallies on the string
And laughs in gleesome notes,
As might a myriad dawn-waked birds take wing,
With April in their throats.

Again the hush; again the spirit calling
Unto the soul of song;
The stars are swaying, and the star-dew falling
The heavenly ways along.

Enchanted bow! so thrilling and so glorious,
With spirit-compelling sound,
Would earth might move with them in rhythm
victorious,
In her diurnal round.

INVITATION

'Round earth's wide purple rim
Gray shadows hover;
Birds sing their evening hymn;
Come, little rover,
For twilight is sleepy time all the world over.

Day's last faint kiss of light
The pale clouds cover;
Come, little wandering sprite,
Home to your lover.
For sleepy time is kissing time all the world over.

Come, till I work my will
On my wee rover;
Come, till I have my fill,
With night for cover,
For twilight is loving time all the world over.

Closer the shadows fold
The earth in cover;
Come, little wanderer, fold
Your wee hands over,
For twilight is praying time all the world over.

Sweetly the rose's breath hails
The dew its lover;
So on my lips exhales
Your kiss, my rover.
For loving time is kissing time all the world over.

Softly the shadows creep
Your tired eyes over;
Sweetly, oh, sweetly sleep,
Dear little lover.
For twilight is dreaming time all the world over.

Dream of the angels fair
That 'round you hover;
Oh, in your heaven there
Would I were rover.
And oh, for the dreaming time when the day's over.

OH, THE MORNING BREAKS O'ER THE WORLD

Oh, the morning breaks o'er the world.
Slowly the rose-white dawn,
In transparent light impearled,
With resistless grace comes on.

Oh, the morning breaks o'er the world.
Shadow and midnight flee,
Into outer darkness hurled;
But a troubled memory.

Oh, the morning breaks o'er the world.
Streamers of red and gold
From the banner of day unfurled
Their glorious light unfold.

Oh, the morning breaks o'er the world,
And the palpitant, newborn light
Wakes, as dew in a rose impearled,
A whole new world of delight.

Oh, the morning breaks o'er my heart.
And in melody all divine
All that heaven can impart
Of glory and joy is mine.

Oh, morning shall break o'er the world
And sorrow and sin be gone,
And the black flag by sin unfurled
Be lost in the endless dawn.

So the morning breaks o'er the world.
Hail, heaven's gift, the morn!
The sky's bright pennant's unfurled
And a fair new day is born.

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